

London.
Harmonists.

LADIES' CONCERT,
NEW LONDON, CHEAPSIDE,

THURSDAY, 22d MARCH, 1798.

STEWARDS,

Mr. NEWBERRY,	Dr. RELPH,
Mr. PRESTWIDGE,	Mr. MILDRED,
Mr. BIRCH,	Mr. CLAY.

SECRETARY,

Mr. BINGLEY.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

AND THE
NEW LONDON CHURCH

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Harmonists.

ACT I.

- Harmonists' glee. *Stevens.*
 " Return blest days." *Smith.*
 " It was a lover." *Stevens.*
 " Dear shade." *Mozart.*
 " In liquid notes." *Attwood.*
 Duetto, Piano-forte. *Mozart.*
 " Dorinda."
 " Ye gentle gales." *Mozart.*
 " O thou that rollest." *Stevens.*
 " O mistress mine." *Stevens.*

ACT II,

- " While fools." *Smith.*
 " Charming to love." *Stevens.*
 " I saw fair Chlora." *Haydn.*
 " When Sappho." *Danby.*
 " The rose bud." ———
 Duetto, Piano-forte. *Clementi.*
 " The waves retreating." *Attwood.*
 " Should mirth be observ'd." *Shield.*
 " It is night." *Percy.*
 " Some of my heroes." *Stevens.*
 " O come, O bella." *Webbe.*

21 0059

A C T I.

HARMONISTS' GLEE.

Written for this Society by SAMUEL BIRCH.

Three Voices and Chorus. STEVENS.



SOBER lay and mirthful glee,
Harmony, belong to thee !
Thou, with more than chymic art,
From each fibre of the heart
Can'st extract the sigh at will,
And the liquid tear distil :
Or its joyful impulse speak,
Dancing on the dimpled cheek.
Goddeſs, at this feſtive hour,
Rich libations will we pour
of roſy wine !

Thou

II.

Thou can't sheath the crimson'd steel,
 Bid the soul for others feel;
 Cupids, as they wanton round,
 In thy fragrant wreaths are bound:
 Hymen's torch of hallow'd light
 Draws from thee its lustre bright:
 Friendship's transports spring from thee,
 Sister sweet of Sympathy!
 Goddess, at this festive hour,
 Rich libations will we pour
 of rosy wine!

III.

O descend, angelic maid!
 In celestial white array'd,
 With tresses fair, which might become
 The proudest threads of Pallas' loom,
 In thy olive chaplet twin'd,
 Flowing gracefully behind.
 Sweetly sound thy silver lyre!
 Touch the chord! thy sons inspire!
 Goddess, at this festive hour,
 Rich libations will we pour
 of rosy wine!

GLEE.

GLEE. Four Voices. SMITH.

R Eturn blest days, return ye laughing hours,
 Which led me up the roseate steep of youth ;
 Which strew'd my simple path with vernal flow'rs,
 And bid me court chaste science and fair truth.

Witness, ye daughters of the year !

If e'er a sigh did heave my breast,
 If e'er my heart was conscious of a tear,
 Till Cynthia came, and robb'd my soul of rest.

So soft—so delicate—so sweet she came,
 Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek ;
 I gaz'd—I sigh'd—I caught the tender flame,
 Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion
 weak.

GLEE.

GLEE. Five Voices. STEVENS.

IT was a lover, and his lass,
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn fields did pass,
 In the spring time;
 The pretty spring time, when birds do sing
 Hey ding a ding, sweet lovers love the spring.
 And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino;
 Now love is crowned with the prime,
 In the spring time;
 The pretty spring time, when birds do sing
 Hey ding a ding, sweet lovers love the spring.

CANZONETTA. MOZART.

DEAR shade of bliss! enchanting hope!
 Thy dreams are almost o'er;
 Bewilder'd, weary, faint, I stop,
 My heart believes no more.
 Too long my wishes learn'd to stray,
 And truant fancy wander'd far,
 To catch a faint and trembling ray,
 From thy obscure and clouded star.

TRIO.

TRIO. ATTWOOD.

IN liquid notes,
As music floats ;
Listen elves !
'Tis the sound that charms the spheres !
Haste in dew bells, hide yourselves,
Titania appears !

DUETTO, PIANO-FORTE.

EXTRAVAGANZA.

FAIREST Dorinda
Tumbled out of the window ;
The street being paved with very hard stones,
Fairest Dorinda broke her bones.

DUETTO. MOZART.

YE gentle gales that careless blow,
 Regardless of a lover's sighs !
 Ye streams unheeding, as ye flow,
 The wretch, who on your margin dies !
 Far from your banks I fly to prove
 If absence is a cure for love.
 Hope not in vain that distant plains,
 Tho' ne'er so fair the flowers they boast ;
 Or clearer stream can soothe thy pains,
 Or give thee back thy quiet lost :
 Ah no ! and thou, alas ! must prove
 That absence is no cure for love.
 Hope no more, resolve to fly
 From beauty's tyrant sway ;
 'Tis nobler in the field to die,
 Than thus to sigh our youth away.

GLEE.

GLEE. Five Voices. STEVENS.

○ Thou that rollest above, round as the shield
of my fathers ! whence are thy beams, O sun ?
thy everlasting light ? Thou comest forth in
thy awful beauty ; the stars hide themselves in
the sky ; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the
western wave.

But thou thyself movest alone : who can be
a companion of thy course ? The oaks of the
mountains fall : the mountains themselves decay
with years : the ocean shrinks and grows again :
the moon herself is lost in heaven : but thou art
for ever the same ; rejoicing in the brightness
of thy course. When the world is dark with
tempests ; when thunder rolls, and lightening
flies ; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds,
and laughest at the storm.

Thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season ;
thy years will have an end ;

Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of
the voice of the morning.

GLEE. Five Voices. STEVENS.

O Mistrefs mine! where are you roaming?
 O ftay and hear, your true love's coming,
 That can fing both high and low;
 Trip no farther, pretty fwweeting,
 Journies end in lovers meeting,
 Ev'ry wife man's fon doth know.

 What is love? 'tis not hereafter,
 Prefent mirth has prefent laughter;
 What's to come is ftill unfure:
 In delay there lies no plenty,
 Then don't leave me, fwweet and twenty,
 Youth's a feafon wont endure.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

GLEE. Four Voices. J. S. SMITH.

W Hile fools their time in stormy strife employ ;
Be ours engag'd in union, peace and joy !
Thus the blest Gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.
Apollo tunes the lyre—the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
Wisely we imitate the Powers divine,
Peace at our heart, and pleasure our design.

GLEE.

GLEE. Five Voices. STEVENS.

CHarming to love is morning's hour,
 When from her chrystal roseate tow'r,
 She sees the goddess health pursue
 The skimming breeze through fields of dew.
 Charming the flaming hour of noon,
 When the sunk linnets fading tune
 Allures him to the beechy grove ;
 Or when some cragg'd grotesque alcove,
 Sounds in his ear its tinkling rill,
 And tempts him to its moss-grown fill.
 Most charm'd when on his tranced mind,
 Is whisper'd in the passing wind,
 The name of her whose name is bliss,
 Or when he all unseen can kiss
 The fringed bank where late she lay
 Hidden from the imperious day.

 DUETTO.

DUETTO. HAYDN.

I Saw fair Chlora walk alone,
The feather'd snow came softly down ;
As Jove descending from his tow'r,
To court her in a silver show'r ;
The wanton snow flew to her breasts,
As little birds into their nests :
But being o'ercome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolved into a tear ;
Thence falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

GLEE. Three Voices. DANBY.

WHEN Sappho tuned th' enraptur'd strain,
The list'ning wretch forgot his pain ;
With art divine the lyre she strung,
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung ;
For when she struck the quiv'ring wire,
The eager breast was all on fire ;
But when she tuned the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away.

The

The ROSE BUD. Canzonet.

A Rose bud, by Lydia to Emma convey'd,
 Had been wash'd, lately wash'd, by a show'r,
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd its head,
 And weigh'd down this beautiful flower.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay, so drooping and drown'd,
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
 I snapt it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind,
 Regardless of wringing and breaking the heart,
 Already to sorrow consign'd.

This delicate rose, had I shaken it less,
 Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile ;
 Thus the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
 May be follow'd perhaps with a smile.

DUETTO, PIANO-FORTE.

DUETTO.

DUETTO. ATTWOOD.

THE waves retreating from the shore,
 In murmurs quit the printless sand;
 O'er the green rock the surges pour,
 The white foam lingers on the strand.
 We'll search the stores the waters leave,
 Whether of sea-weed, or of shell;
 'Till sinking in the western wave,
 The sun's last ray shall bid farewell.

GLEE. Three Voices. SHIELD.

SHould mirth be observ'd by her sons to decline,
 They recruit her bright lamp with a flask of good
 wine;
 When the glass circles round & our spirits improve,
 How sweet flows the bumper to friendship and love.

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SONG. PERCY.

IT is night, and I am alone, forlorn, on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain, and the torrent rolls down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain, forlorn, on the hill of the winds.—Rise, O moon, from behind thy clouds! stars of the night appear! lead me, some light, to the place, where my love rests from the toil of the chase.—His bow near him unstrung, his dogs panting around him.

But here must I sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream: and hear the winds roar; nor can I hear the voice of my love,——no answer, half drown'd in the storm!

GLEE.

GLEE. Five Voices. STEVENS.

SOME of my heroes are low, I hear the sound
of death on the harp.

Bid the sorrow rise ; that their spirits may fly
with joy to Morven's woody hills !

Bend forward from your clouds, ghosts of my
fathers, bend !

Lay by the red terror of your course.

Receive the falling chief ; whether he comes
from a distant land, or rises from the rolling sea.
And oh ! let his countenance be lovely, that his
friends may delight in his presence.

Bend forward from your clouds, ghosts of my
fathers, bend !

GLEE.

GLEE. Three Voices, and Chorus. WEBBE.

OH come, O bella,
L'ardor de vini
Piu corallini
Tuoì labri fa!
Bacco vi stilla
Soave umore
D'untal sapore
Che amor non hà. Oh come, &c.

Bevil' O cara
Quando ha la spuma.
Tal si costuma
Gustarlo qui
Cosi gridando
L'ama il Francese
Cheto l'Inglese
L'ama cosi. Oh come, &c.

Mà care Luci
Voi non vedete
Qual altra fete
Sui labri stà.
Aita il core
Che tutto fuoco
E a poco a poco
Mancando và. Oh come, &c.

Si bella Dori
Godiam che il giorno 21 0059
Presto è al ritorno
Presto al partir
Di Giovanezza
Godiam il fiore
Poi l'ultim' ore
Lasciam venir. Oh come, &c.

THE END.

